

HOCH, SCHÖNE FATINITZA!

EVEN FRITZI SCHEFF CAN'T SPOIL YOU.

Tribulations of a Grand Opera Soubrette and a Company of Cakewalk Opera Comedians Trying to Present a Real Operetta—Sorrowful State of a Town Which Has No School for Such Shows.

And now what rests but that we spend the time with stately triumphs, mythical comic shows, such as the pleasures of the court?

When a man begins to think often of the better things which he knew twenty-five years ago it behooves him to be wary in his judgments. Let him reconsider his conclusions in the light of the correction of Brutus. "I said an older soldier, not a better." When, however, one longs for the revival of some play which filled the days of his youth with the sunlight of a pure delight, and unexpectedly that play is brought forward once more and he finds that it is still girt about with the garments of glory, he has reason to rejoice and to be proud.

It has been the melancholy duty of THE SUN's chronicler of musical incidents to say often in recent seasons that comic operetta has gone to the dogs. Many persons, whose lines had not been cast in the pleasant places of the Standard Theatre and Wallack's in the days when real operettas were performed, saw no reason why this form of entertainment should be so much despised. They should have been wretched to see how the operetta should have been so despised. Such an attitude is not at all remarkable in a period in which "Wang" is become a classic.

If the truth were known it would probably be learned that less than half the persons who go to so-called comic "opera" shows in these days have any definition of what a "comic opera" or a comic operetta is. To most of them any farcical play with singing in it is a comic opera. They make no distinction between a piece like "The School Girl" and one like "Ermeline." They put "The Mikado" and "Piff, Paff, Poff" in the same class, and the chances are that most of them prefer the latter.

To such base use has comic operetta come at last. Yet this is a form of entertainment which is capable of reaching a high artistic level. For demonstration of this fact see almost any one of the Gilbert and Sullivan works. Smith and De Koven's "Robin Hood" or Strauss's "Die Fledermaus." The charm which separates such musical plays from "The School Girl" and "The Yankee Consul" is quite as wide as a church door and as deep as well.

One of the examples of artistic excellence in the field of comic operetta often quoted by this writer is Franz von Suppé's "Fatinitza." It has been permitted to slumber in dust and silence. For years the luxurious melody of its admirable score has been an unsung song and the bright comedy of its book a sealed letter. So long has it been neglected that in the mind of THE SUN's music observer it rose to the position of a beautiful dream, half remembered, half forgot.

Suddenly it was announced that this comic operetta was to be brought forward again. The cause of this was dapper, dainty Fritz Scheff, sometime *Cherubino* and *Musetta* of grand opera soubretteville and now would-be prima donna assoluta of comic operetta-land. It was expected by certain experienced purveyors of public amusements that Miss Scheff for she only "Miss" now? would be a star of the first magnitude in the operetta firmament. So trained operetta carpenters were set to work to build her a home.

The failure of "Babette" is on record. "The Two Roses" was equally unsuccessful. Both of these pieces were attempts at genuine operetta, but they were misdirected. The former at any rate had a score worthy of consideration, but the book was dull and the part prepared for the soubrette was an ingeniously contrived to prevent the exhibition of her best qualities as a comedienne.

Why have not the astute managers perceived that the animated Fritz is at her best when she enacts a saucy minx? *Cherubino*—a boy, to be sure, but saucy nevertheless—*Musetta*, and similar personages are exactly in her line. Sentimental and amiable maidens are not. And in "Babette," of all things, they asked Fritz to dance. She knows no more about dancing than a Broadway sandwich man.

Possibly some one suggested to the clever managers that when a woman was built on the Fritz Scheff plan the smartest thing to do was to get her out of skirts as quickly as possible. *Lieut. Vladimir* in "Fatinitza" afforded opportunities for the display of curves. So "Fatinitza" it was called. The cause of the failure of "Fatinitza" is not in the revelation of curves. But one female form divine cannot make a whole operetta.

The production of "Fatinitza" has given much joy to many whose memories have been repeating to them that it was good in its kind. It is; there is no denying that. It is just as good now as it was in the bygone years and the reminiscences of it were not the chronic grumbles of discontented oldsters. But Fritz—was she right or wrong? Well, that is another story. At any rate, it was on Monday night.

Perhaps in a few days she will penetrate beneath the lily-throated surface of her rôle. It may be that she will realize that while there is a divinity that divinely shapes our limbs, that is for some one else, thus enabling us to do the vision of a man and command the secret sympathy of women, it is still needful to have a happy countenance and a cheerful heart. But possibly the amiable Fritz was distraught with anxiety on Monday night.

For the moment let that matter rest. Let us briefly consider the operetta and try to be wise. The story of "Fatinitza" is improbable, of course, but the improbability is chiefly in the premises, which you accept cheerfully if you accept all premises in theatricals. *Lieut. Vladimir* is enacted by a woman, in order that when he disguises himself as a girl he may be the real thing. In these days boys are usually performed by women. In Stokospeare's day, we are told, women were enacted by boys, but when, oh, when, did they get boys who could impersonate *Jafet* and *Vladimir*? Ah, that, indeed, is another story.

The comedy of "Fatinitza" is spontaneous and truly humorous. It rests on the infatuation of a senile General for the young *Fatinitza*, who is none other than *Vladimir* in skirts. There the curtain rises the General has lost track of his character, but how naturally she is restored to him! Private theatricals in the lead camp, a rehearsal of *Vladimir* as the leading lady, enter the General, and there you are.

Then the fun begins. *Vladimir* is carried off by the Turks, with whom the Russians happen at that moment to be at war, and is sold to a genial pasha to be a member of his harem. Here is a chance for more fun. Rescued by the infatuated General, *Fatinitza* disappears on the charming *Fatinitza*, because *Vladimir* is too good to be a military duty and the essential, captivating, lucid light.

This story is told without any attempt at catchpenny jokes or innuendo dialogue. The people speak naturally and the humor flows spontaneously. Of course, this is not strictly true of the English version. Such a book could never pass through the mill of a Broadway theatre without having its literary simplicity carefully removed by one of the booksmiths who are kept on hand for that purpose and having a lot of Tunderloign gags interpolated. Let us be grateful that these are fewer than usual in this case.

Suppé's music is so far beyond the ordinary level of comic operetta scores of recent origin that it seems to soar into the realms of glory on pinions of genius. For the information of those whose notions of comic opera have been formed in late years, let it be said that the score of this work does not contain a single cakewalk or coon song, not even a Russian one. If it had been composed in the year of grace 1904, a Russian coon song would have been inevitable.

But there are tunes possessed of character. The Russian music sounds as if it might be Russian, though it is not, and the Turkish music at any rate as nearly Turkish as are the cigarettes made by the red ferret gentlemen in the Broadway windows. Neither is the real thing, but both are good imitations. Best of all, the music is always tuneful, delicious to the ear, and at the same time comforting to the artistic conscience because it is good music.

It belongs to the aristocracy of comic operetta. Its school is that of Vienna, a school of which Suppé himself was the founder and Johann Strauss the continuator. Since Suppé's "Pique Dame" was produced in 1864 and "Die Schöne Galathea" in 1865, the style of the Viennese operetta has been clearly defined. The second Johann Strauss, composer of "Die Fledermaus" (1874), "Prinz Methusalem" (1877) and "Die Lustige Krieg" (1881), superimposed upon the skeleton framed by Suppé the captivating exterior of the Strauss waltz. What Wagner said of that waltz may fairly be applied in a comparison of contemporary operettas with those of the Viennese masters.

One of Strauss's waltzes as far surpasses in charm, finish, and real musical worth hundreds of the artificial compositions of his contemporaries as the tower of St. Stephen's surpasses the advertising columns on the Paris boulevards.

The operetta of to-day is as the Parisian advertising column in the presence of the St. Stephen's Tower of "Fatinitza." All of which makes it more satisfying that the performers occupied so industriously in the exhibition now current at the Broadway Theatre know so little of what they are doing. Fritz Scheff herself was Monday night a most staid and decorous representative of the gay and dashing young *Vladimir*, who ought to be a veritable limp of devilry. In the abbreviated skirts of the false *Fatinitza* the soubrette comports herself like one in the midst of a Brooklyn Sabbath.

Where were the impudence, the assurance, the perfect self-confidence of our little *Musetta*? All lost, irretrievably lost in the woods of comic operetta, where the cowardly lion roars and the straw man mourns for his lost arms.

But if she was a disappointment, the same cannot be said of such impersonators as Albert Hart and Louis Harrison. These did just what was expected of them. The former is a product of recent years and his training has been entirely in the field of the so-called comic opera and musical comedy of to-day. He made a valiant yet futile attempt to play *Kantchevich* as it ought to be played.

He was wise enough to perceive that the same conventional methods of the contemporary comic opera comedian were unsuitable to this operetta. But when he put aside that with which he was familiar he had to attempt that with which he was unfamiliar, and the attempt was crowned with faded laurels.

Of Mr. Harrison it is not possible to write with patience. He has always been a burlesque actor ever since he covered the realms of the Rice extravaganzas in company with Willie Edouin, Henry Dixey and John Mackey. He was perfectly at home in that line of business and has been in it ever since. His confidential communications to the audience and his draw were insufficient for an impersonation of *Leopold*, who is a delightful personage when unfettered by the chains of burlesque jests and the bonds of comic song.

As for the others engaged in the revival of "Fatinitza," it can only be said that they must have been chosen with a view to economy or to the early burial of one of the best operettas ever written. "Fatinitza" demands good singers and good actors in all the parts, even the small ones. The performers betrayed upon the stage, but when they came to the public imagination for their singing and upon the habitual resignation of the period for their acting.

Yet there is no intent to censure these persons for their inability to interpret a real operetta. They have no models and there is no school. Let any one take a glance over the field and discover a legitimate comic operetta if he can. The conditions which are now called "comic opera" are not even as good as the burlesque and extravaganzas which Edward E. Rice used to project into the world of amusement.

"Evangelina" would be classed as a comic opera if it were produced to-day, and "Hiawatha" would almost be accorded a place among grand operas. As for "Hercules," that certainly was a more meritorious work than some of the things now called comic opera.

What can you expect in a time when the music of these things is orchestrated by contract and the fact advertised in the programme? It is true that a line on the house bill at a Broadway place of amusement only last week read something like this: "The music of this work orchestrated by the Double Bassoon Orchestration Bureau."

What sort of "composer" is it that cannot write the instrumental score of his own music? It was said that Mr. Rice could not even note down his own melodies, but his music was certainly better than that of the contemporaneous operetta baker, who serves up cold bread pudding made out of crusts left by others.

Since, then, the so-called comic opera of to-day are only distorted extravaganzas or worse, how is it possible for singing actors to be so trained that they can perform the admirable works of the Viennese school or the piquant productions of the Parisian writers? People who can sing are not needed in the "comic opera" of the present generation. Neither are people who can act. Clowning is the chief ingredient and acrobatic come next. When the incomparable singers and actors of the comic opera world are called upon to interpret a real operetta they simply cannot do it.

We shall presently have an opportunity to ascertain whether singers of high rank can bring themselves into the spirit of the work. Mr. Conrad promises to produce "Die Fledermaus" in the Metropolitan Opera House with some of his most admired artists in the cast.

The work is worthy of their attention. They will be able to sing the music and some of them will act the comedy excellently. We all know what to expect of Mr. Conrad. If the others succeed in rising to the occasion, we shall have one of those rare treats which make life worth living.

"Die Fledermaus" is a work of art and it will not belittle the Metropolitan stage. The house is too large for it, and for that reason some of its delicious comedy will surely be lost, but enough of it may reach us to send us home happy.

Let every lover of artistic musical entertainment who is also a lover of good fun most certainly long for the day when there will be in this city a theatre devoted to the production of real operettas and the training of competent operetta performers.

The following highly interesting paragraph appeared in the last programme book of the "Sinfonia Domestica" Richard Strauss has marked certain instruments *ad libitum*, but unfortunately this option does not include the oboe d'amour, an instrument which is absolutely essential to an adequate rendering of the music. The management of the Philadelphia orchestra, finding that it was impossible to secure the rarely used instrument from abroad. Unfortunately the instrument has been lost in transit, necessitating at the last moment postponement of the "Domestica" date. As many inquiries are received asking for information concerning the oboe d'amour, one may say, in brief, that it belongs to the family of the woodwind, and occupies a position between the oboe and the alto oboe, or cor anglais. The tone of the oboe d'amour is one of singular charm, and the instrument was used with telling effect by composers during the time of John Sebastian Bach. Why it has been relegated to the domain of the archaic by orchestral writers of the present day is difficult to understand.

The *ad libitum* instruments in the score of the "Domestica" symphony, or Papa, Mama and the Baby, are four saxophones. It is, of course, not in the power of this writer to tell why the Philadelphia Orchestra found it impossible to get oboe d'amore in this country, but it was not because there are none here.

A most excellent pair, owned by Fritz Damrosch, have frequently figured in the performance of an orchestra in this town. They are at this publication reporting in the reverent care of J. Fred Wiley, organist of the Moravian Church at Bethlehem, Pa., where they have been doing their duty in a three days series of concerts of Bach's works, ended last night.

One of the charming city and post-graduate students of the University of New York is one of the best of the European days of, would it be better to give an offensive and defensive with this town for the peace and security of oboe d'amore? W. J. HENDERSON.

NOTES OF MUSIC EVENTS.

The programme at the opera for the coming week is as follows: Monday night, at 8:10 p.m., last performance of "Parsifal." Prematinee, Tuesday, at 2:30 p.m., "Die Fledermaus." Wednesday evening, "Faust." Thursday, at 8:10 p.m., first performance of "Die Fledermaus." Friday, at 8:10 p.m., first performance of "Die Fledermaus." Saturday, at 8:10 p.m., first performance of "Die Fledermaus." Sunday, at 8:10 p.m., first performance of "Die Fledermaus."

Wassil Safonoff of Moscow will conduct the fourth part of Philharmonic concerts at Carnegie Hall on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. The programme will consist of Dvorak's 7th symphony, Tchaikovsky's D major violin concerto, and the same composer's fantasy overture "Roméo and Juliet." The solo violinist will be Fritz Kreisler.

Fritz Kreisler, the violin virtuoso, will make his appearance in an orchestra at Carnegie Hall on Thursday evening. He will play the Brahms and Beethoven concertos and Tchaikovsky's "Devil's Trill."

Mme. Olga Samoff, a Russian pianist who has recently arrived in this country, will give a concert at Carnegie Hall on Thursday evening. The programme will consist of Dvorak's 7th symphony, Tchaikovsky's D major violin concerto, and the same composer's fantasy overture "Roméo and Juliet." The solo violinist will be Fritz Kreisler.

Campanini will resume his tour next week in Cincinnati, when he will sing with the Cincinnati Grand Orchestra. The following week he will be in New York, where he will sing with the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, Emil Paur, conductor.

When Miss Adele Auer One gives her only solo recital here on Wednesday evening, at Carnegie Hall, she will have the assistance of Mr. David Manes, who will play the violin part in her new songs.

Harold Randolph and Ernest Hutcheson will give a recital of music for two pianos at Mendelssohn Hall on Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 24, for which one of the programmes will be the "Piano Trio" of Mozart's D major sonata, Schubert's D major variations, Dvorak's "Fur Elise," and Liszt's "Les Preludes."

The Olve Mead Quartet will give its first concert at Mendelssohn Hall on Thursday evening. The programme will consist of Haydn's 6th quartet, Dvorak's 7th quartet for two violins and Viola, and Schubert's D minor quartet.

The soloist for the fourth Sunday afternoon symphony concert of the New York Symphony Orchestra will be Josef K. Richter, who will play the piano concerto in G by Schubert, his old master. Two very interesting overtures for orchestra by Claude Debussy, a distinguished composer of the French impressionist school, will be played for the first time in America by the New York Symphony Orchestra.

Fachmann will give his last piano recital at Carnegie Hall this afternoon.

Mrs. Grace Tschann, a lyric soprano, favorably known in this vicinity as a church and concert singer, is to give a vocal recital at Mendelssohn Hall on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 28, for which she has arranged a programme of special interest in presenting some Swedish songs by Sjöström, which will be heard for the first time in this country. The programme will also include songs by Schubert, Tschann will be among the other composers represented in the programme.

A vocal recital will be given at Mendelssohn Hall on Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 24, by Perry Hems, well known in this city, and in connection with the recital will be given a concert of the New York Symphony Orchestra, which will include many of the best of the world's music. The programme for the occasion will include many of the best of the world's music. The programme for the occasion will include many of the best of the world's music.

The soloists for Sunday night's Victor Herbert concert at the Metropolitan Theatre will be Miss Minnie Method and Clifford Wiley. The former will sing "The Love Song" and the latter will sing "The Love Song." The programme will also include songs by Schubert, Tschann will be among the other composers represented in the programme.

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The Church Choral Society announces that it will give a concert at St. Bartholomew's Church, on Monday evening, Jan. 9, at 8:30 o'clock. The programme will include many of the best of the world's music. The programme for the occasion will include many of the best of the world's music. The programme for the occasion will include many of the best of the world's music.

Wagner. The programme will conclude with the "Ride of the Valkyries," from "Die Walküre."

GRAFTING ON THE PRIMA DONNA.

SOCIETY EXPECTS TO BE ENTERTAINED BY HER OFF THE STAGE.

If the Dinner-Giving Hostess Can't Get One Star, Another Will Do—Begin at the Top and Work Down Is the Rule—How Singers Feel About Going Out.

One phase of her preeminence which the prima donna does not enjoy is the attention of society. It is agreeable to her to have the boxes crowded when she sings and to have none of the orchestra seats empty. She knows, and her manager knows, however, that the test of a singer's popularity is not to attract this public eye.

The most profitable magnet is the singer who packs the galleries and balconies and fills the back spaces of the orchestra and the parquet, with hundreds standing. To make herself popular with society it is frequently necessary for the prima donna to allow society certain of the distractions which it demands from her. She must go occasionally to dinners and do so on some of the other things which most singers find to be a necessary evil.

When I came back to America from Europe, said one of the women who are supposed to enjoy in large measure the friendship of the fashionable world, "I found myself invited about a great deal. As I have always been careful of my voice above everything else, I accepted very few of these invitations at the beginning, and now I accept still fewer. I am invited to this or that person's house until you have learned how selfish the motives of your hosts really are. They like to have all the well known singers from the opera at their houses, and so the dinner invitations come pouring in."

"The inexperienced ones who have just come to this country are the ones who are invited to dinner. It only takes a little while, though, for them to learn that there is no great honor in it."

"If the hostess fails to get one prima donna she will struggle to get another. When she does not meet with success in that quarter, she will angle for a contralto of a baritone, and, failing either, is perfectly willing to have some member of the opera school."

"After a while some of the persons whom she has been kind enough to favor with her presence frequently will want her to sing some charity, and it will be either to sing for the benefit of the poor or to support some cause. It will be either to sing for the benefit of the poor or to support some cause. It will be either to sing for the benefit of the poor or to support some cause."

Most of these women have been in the world long enough to extricate themselves tactfully from any disagreeable complication which may arise from the desire to get them to sing for charity. There are many excellent reasons, however, why they do not care to accept the social attentions which New Yorkers are always trying to shower on them.

Few prima donnas are willing to sit in a room where anybody is smoking. To some the least bit of smoke annoys them. Others are unable to sing in a room where a man has smoked in a room three days before he occupied it. Then there is the danger of hot rooms and cold coats, and other complications which lead ultimately to inflamed throats.

"If you are always sure that these people with whom you dine, to their great delight, and generally to your own great weariness, and the prima donna quoted, "would always come to you for a concert, it might be worth while to waste time with them. But that does not always happen."

"The people, in fact, who run after you meet and are anxious to spend money in your honor, are the last ones to whom you sing. They seem to argue that so long as they can get you to sing, they will be in a position to buy tickets to hear you. While this may be true of the great singers in America, it is not true of the smaller ones, who owe much of their success to the persistence with which they pay calls and keep themselves fresh in many quarters. One lady who for several years has given concerts in this city is a most successful social worker, and, fine artist as he is, most of his addresses are given in the homes of his friends."

Such methods could not help a person who sings at the Metropolitan. Always, she sings at the Metropolitan. Always, she sings at the Metropolitan. Always, she sings at the Metropolitan. Always, she sings at the Metropolitan. Always, she sings at the Metropolitan.

She scattered her letters right and left and found the persons she met charmingly hospitable and delightful. She had on her hands so many engagements that she could not go to the Metropolitan. She had on her hands so many engagements that she could not go to the Metropolitan. She had on her hands so many engagements that she could not go to the Metropolitan.

The great public, which did not have the opportunity to come in contact with her person, was left to judge from the few glimpses she gave on the stage, saw nothing attractive in her whatever; so she lost her engagement at the opera altogether, and has never since.

There are few times when these women are able to accept invitations. Even Mme. Sengue-Bettacore, although a great success in her own right, never goes out of the house the day before she sings, or on that day. Emma Amos stays in bed all day after she has sung, and never goes out the evening before or after.

Mme. Sembrich rarely leaves the house the night before she sings, and just as rarely misses a long walk lasting two or three hours in the open air on the day before she sings. Mme. Nordica confines herself to the protection of one of the best of the world's music. The programme for the occasion will include many of the best of the world's music. The programme for the occasion will include many of the best of the world's music.

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NEW YEAR AUDIENCES.

They Are Now the Best in All the Year at New York Theatres.

"The banner theatrical night of the year," said the Broadway manager, "is New Year's eve. It's funny, but at one time that night meant empty benches. It was considered even worse than Good Friday."

"In the old days managers used to give performance so that they would be sure to have some people in the house that night. I remember an experience I had in disposing of a bunch of tickets for a New Year's eve performance."

I was at the Fifth Avenue Theatre then, and the attraction I had was a good show. Still, we feared to have empty seats at the last performance of the year, and I stuffed a couple of hundred tickets in my pocket early in the week, ready and willing to give them away to any one who would take them."

I had a friend in the Custom House then, and I dropped in to see him a day or so before the year ended. Chester A. Arthur was then collector of the Port. My friend took me into Arthur's office and introduced me to him.

"We waited for a time, and then I thought of the wad of tickets in my pocket that I had given away. I thought possibly the collector might have some political henchmen whom he might want to stake to tickets, and I asked him if he would not give me a bunch of them for my friends."

"But why should I accept them?" asked Mr. Arthur. "Because I want to give them away, and to tell the truth, the only way I can get rid of them for this one performance," I replied.

The future President of the United States seemed to think it rather extraordinary that a theatrical manager was willing to give away something for nothing. He played me with questions. I told him just as I am telling you, that New Year's eve was one of the two worst nights of the year for the theatre, for it meant almost no audience."

"I handed over the tickets I had to the collector, and he gave them to the Custom House. They all made use of them and we played to a full house."

"From a hoodoo to the banner theatrical night of the year is a big jump. In no other city in this country is the New Year welcomed with such a whoop as in this city. The theatres are all crowded to their seats the last night of the year. That means that the women had to stay home. Now everybody is out to see the New Year's eve show. The early part of the night in the playhouses. That is as it should be. It pleases them and increases the manager's bank roll and gives the public a good time."

The best all round theatrical day of the year is Washington's Birthday. Every theatre gives two performances on that day. It is a poor attraction that can't display the "Standing room only" sign.

Thanksgiving Day is the next best day, and then comes the New Year's eve. In a few years they hope to add Good Friday to this calendar. The old puritanical feeling against attending a theatrical on this day is rapidly dying out. In a few years it will have passed away, and the attendance at the theatres on Good Friday night will be up to the average."

The Brooklyn Theatres.

The Brooklyn theatres all begin the new year with good programmes. At the Majestic this week is "Twelve Whirls," the last Weberlied show, with Ross and Fenton, that famous aggregation of comedians and pretty girls in the star part. There is a big chorus of pretty girls in this production, and in the company surrounding Ross and Fenton are such well known comedians as Bob Hays, Samuel Sidman, Will Howard and Julia West.

De Wolf Hopper, with the revival of his early opera "Wang," comes to the Broadway this week. The opera was gorgeously remounted for its Broadway production last season, and in this presentation it is no less a masterpiece. The cast includes pretty Marguerite Clark and many other girls and is certain to attract a Broadway.

The Orpheum has a generous programme headed by Irene Bentley, who sings the best songs from the many operas in which she has appeared. As an extra attraction, Rose Stahl and her company present for the first time at the Orpheum her well known sketch, "The Chorus Lady." There are also several vaudeville performers besides these, among them Harry Gilford, the Eight Kaufmans, bicyclists, Thomas H. Hays, and many others.

At the Ambition Theatre is an interesting production, "The House of the Dead," and the company in "Iris" in the early part of the week, and in the latter half an excellent dramatization of Wilkie Collins's novel "Mystery."

The Grand Opera House has a play new to Brooklyn in "Broadway and Court," by John G. Saxe. It is a play giving a vivid portrayal of the vigorous life in the Southwest. It has a strong cast and attractive scenery.

At the Folly this week is Joe Welch in his latest Hebrew character drama, "Cohen's Luck." Mr. Welch has won great success in the new play, which is a clever study of conditions in the East Side and has many characters familiar to that environment.

Another extensive holiday bill will start the new year at Hyde & Beaman's. Its feature is a novel scenic and song drama of plantation life in the south, "The Book and Music" are by Max Hoffman. Ten colored comedians and singers take part in this. An added feature is the dollar show in which the company will be seen in a new play, which is a clever study of conditions in the East Side and has many characters familiar to that environment.

At the Park Theatre Patrick will appear, supported by her usual good company. Her domestic piece, "The House of the Dead," is presented by the Brigadiers Burlesques.

PLAYBILS OF THE NEW YEAR

ONE OF THEM BRINGS FRANCIS WILSON IN A NEW COMEDY.

Clyde Fitch Has Written "Cousin Billy" Especially for Him—Burlesque on "The College Widow"—R. T. Haines as a Star—Siberia! With New Frills.

Francis Wilson in a new comedy, the first Weber-Ziegfeld burlesque, Robert T. Haines as the star in a new play written by his wife and a revival of the date frills, are the night novelties offered in the theatres this week for the beginning of the new year. Mr. Wilson will make his first appearance as one of Charles Frohman's stars at the Criterion Theatre to-morrow evening in "Cousin Billy," written especially for him by Clyde Fitch. There is to be neither singing nor dancing in this new Wilson play, but plenty of amusing incident and novel situations are promised, and it is predicted that Mr. Wilson will be able to please his admirers fully as well as he did in musical comedy. He will play the rôle of an Allentown, Pa., ex-alderman of a sentimental turn of mind who is in King a tour of Europe and who finds himself in many humorous and romantic complications. A handsome scenic production has been prepared and Mr. Frohman has supplied a company which includes Edw. Abeles, Edith Barker, May Robson, Beatrice Agnew, Zella Sears, Rosa Cooke, Marion Brooks, Angela Kerr, Ora Lee, Grant Mitchell, William Levers, Sydney Rice and others. The scenes of the comedy are laid in Paris, Switzerland and Allentown.

The first burlesque of the Weber-Ziegfeld company, to be produced in the Weber Astor Hall on Monday evening, called "The College Widow," Edgar Smith, who wrote the book and Maurice Leve, who is responsible for the music, describe it as a musical satire, based on that comedy. It treats principally of the football fever of Mr. Ade's play. The college is a girls' school instead of a boys.

Anna Held will be seen in a rôle different from any she has had before, and Marie Cross, who has been in the company of the comedy welded into one, is heralded as an even better opportunity for her powers than that of *Philopoea Schmitz* in "Higgledy-Piggledy." Joe Weber plays the last thing that would be thought of—a little girl. The new piece is to be added to "Higgledy-Piggledy," going on soon after 9 o'clock.

In "Once Upon a Time," the latest play by Genevieve G. Haines, author of "Hearts Affaire," her husband, Robert T. Haines, who has acted as leading man with Viola Allen, Mrs. Fiske and Blanche Bates, will begin a starring tour of his own to-morrow night at the Lyric Theatre. The play is described as a good old fashioned love story, laid in Andalusia. Gertrude Coghlan is a beautiful orphan heiress who has been fostered in a convent and unattractive suitors till she declares that, unless a husband to her taste be found by the Fiesta of Santiago, she will convert and devote her fortune to the Church. Mr. Haines is a most religious young man by name Don Juan. An ex-vaudeville actor, he is a most religious young man by name Don Juan. An ex-vaudeville actor, he is a most religious young man by name Don Juan. An ex-vaudeville actor, he is a most religious young man by name Don Juan.

At the Herald Square King Owl, Lady Peacock, Jenny Wren, Miss Parrot and all the other bird stars of "Woodland" have become firmly settled in their new quarters. They entertain in the new comic opera nightly.

The success of "It Happened in Nordland" has settled that this musical comedy of Victor Herbert and Glen